September 19
1940

Millennial Star

Monument To The Seagulls

No. 38, Vol. 102 Thursday, September 19, 1940

POETRY

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds to blow!
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds to blow!
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep:
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow!
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow!
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

—Thomas Campbell (1767-1844)

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK:

God will not look you over for medals, degrees, or diplomas, but for scars. —Elbert Hubbard.

1840 Hundredth Year of Publication 1940

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR

ESTABLISHED IN 1840

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And on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy.
—Acts 2: 17

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THIS WEEK'S COVER

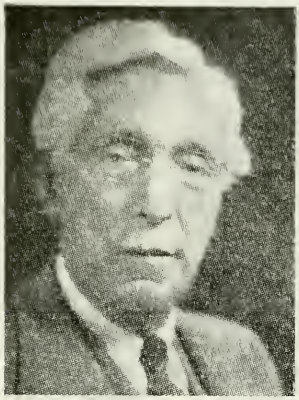
WHILST travelling along country roads recently, mention was made to me of the fact that it seemed the harvest was well in advance this year. I replied that it was probably a precautionary measure to avoid destruction of crops by the dread terror of incendiary bombs from the skies. Nearly one hundred years ago the new settlers of the Salt Lake Valley faced a grim horror, also from the skies. This was in the form of Crickets which threatened to destroy their only source of food for the Winter. The Lord delivered the Saints from their peril in answer to fervent prayer, and Seagulls came and devoured the crickets, and the crops were saved.

The Lord will always come to the aid of His righteous children.—ED.

Experiences

By Elder Rulon S. Wells

Of the First Council of the Seventy



Rulon S. Wells

ALL the days of my life—and they are now many—I have been brought up under the influence of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. My heart is full of gratitude that I have a membership in this Church. I remember from my very youth many of the testimonies that have come to me by reason of that membership. Many, many times has the Lord manifested unto me the truth of His everlasting Gospel as it has been restored to the earth through the instrumentality of Joseph Smith, the Prophet, in the day and age in which we live.

A TESTIMONY AT AN EARLY AGE

It was only, very likely, a few days or weeks after my baptism, which occurred shortly after I was eight years of age, that I received a testimony. I did not then know definitely just what it was; I hardly appreciated what it meant, but the Lord manifested to me the truth of this work in my boyhood. I recollect very well a remarkable incident which occurred as I was coming home from school one day. As I was wandering home after school I came to a place immediately north of where the Temple now stands—("The Temple not built, but scattered 'round in native rock upon the ground"). As I went down close to the edge of the creek and then arose to a higher elevation it seemed to me that I was almost lifted to heaven. I felt the power of the Spirit of the Lord upon me. I did not then know what it was, but I was made happy and full of joy and gladness, even to overflowing. A boy, a lad of nine years of age, to receive such a deep impression that to this day it has remained with me, vivid in my memory, even to the smallest details!

I learned to recognize what this feeling was when in later years I travelled as a missionary and the Spirit of the Lord came to me and manifested its power by giving me words of utterance in setting forth the principles of eternal life. And, I said to myself, "that is just exactly the same feeling that I had as a boy when I stood upon the bank of City Creek north of where the Temple now stands. The Lord poured out His Spirit upon me and I felt it in every fibre of my being. And now here as I am called abroad to proclaim this everlasting Gospel, comes this same testimony, and I know that it came from God."

A PRAYER IN THE CANYON

When I went upon my first mission I was blessed by President Brigham Young. He laid his hands upon my head on

the twenty-second day of October, 1875, and blessed me and ordained me a Seventy and set me apart for my first mission, which was in Switzerland and Germany. I went upon my mission, but prior to my departure I had been working at my father's saw-mills. I hardly knew that Conference was in session in October, 1875. One day a strange feeling came over me as I stood upon the top of a large pile of lumber, filling orders that had come from Salt Lake City to my father's lumber mill. And an impulse came to me to "get down from this pile of lumber and go up to the office," which was a lumber shanty serving the three-fold purpose of my bedroom, store and office, where I kept the accounts of the men that were employed around the mill. I also had the task of measuring the logs as they came to the mill, and the lumber as it came from the mill. These loggers indulged in a great deal of profanity and when we remonstrated with them they claimed the oxen understood no other language. I mention this so you will understand the environment in which I then found myself. Without knowing why I followed that impulse, I descended from the tall pile of lumber and went into the office, and as soon as I did so I closed the door, and approaching the middle of the room (there was nothing to lean upon at all) I fell down upon my knees and prayed unto God that He would send me where He wanted me to go. I did not know why I said that; I was not aware of the Conference then being held, nor had I any intimation whatever of receiving a missionary call, but at that very time (I do not know that it was the identical minute, but it is quite possible the Conference was in session, and my name was being called with many others to go upon a mission) the Lord compelled me to get upon my knees and ask for this blessed privilege of being the bearer of glad tidings in the days of my young manhood, to go out into the world. What was this manifestation? Surely it must have been that same Spirit that took possession of me in my boyhood days.

President Rulon S. Wells of the First Council of Seventy, reached his eighty-sixth birthday on July 7th of the present year. He has served for forty-seven years as one of the General Authorities of the Church, and is still an active and keen defender of the faith. There are doubtless some Saints in this country that remember Elder Wells as President of the European Missions during the closing years of the last century. His life, it seems, has been attended with many remarkable manifestations of the spirit; at the General Conference in April of this year he told of some of them which the "Star" has pleasure in reprinting herewith.

The following day my mother rode on horseback up to the saw-mills to let me know that I had been called upon my mission.

Let me here say that at this time I was occasionally associated with people entertaining non-Mormon views, some of them being infidels and atheists, but in every discussion I found myself defending the existence of God. I may have been some-

what neglectful of my duties, although I was always more or less of a religious turn of mind, and had been reading some books that probably were not as wholesome as they might have been—Ingersoll and other infidels—and my mind had become a little bit disturbed.

A REMARKABLE DREAM

While on my way to my mission field, crossing the ocean on the Steamship "Dakota," I went down into the saloon of the ship one day, and lay upon one of the cushioned benches surrounding the eating tables, where I fell asleep. While asleep, the Lord appeared to me in a dream and I saw Him standing before me; and by His side was William W. Taylor, one of the other missionaries, a son of President John Taylor, a boy like myself going upon his first mission. He stood by the side of the Saviour, and the Saviour extended His hand to me and grasping my hand, holding it tight, looked at me in the face and said: "Will you ever doubt again?" Brother Taylor, who stood beside Him, said: "I believe that is enough for him." With that, the Lord let go of my hand and I awoke.

AN ASSURANCE OF THE LORD'S APPROVAL

I have in mind another extremely interesting experience which preceded my call to the First Council of the Seventy.

April 6th, 1892, the capstone of the Temple (Salt Lake) was laid, and during the year that followed a campaign to secure sufficient money to finish the Temple was inaugurated and carried to a successful conclusion, and, as well known, the Temple was dedicated April 6th, 1893, just forty years after the laying of the corner stone in 1853. Like many others I took part in this campaign and assisted in making the collection from members of our Ward, I being one of the workers in the 18th Ward. Also like others I had a strong desire to put myself in a proper condition for entering the Temple at the time of its dedication. I wanted to receive another manifestation of the Lord's approval of me, and I prayed to Him earnestly that I might receive the assurance that I was approved of Him. I did not ask that I might see an angel or hear a voice from heaven, I only wanted to know that I had His approval of me as a member of His Church, worthy of attending the dedication of the Temple. I knew nothing of the vacancy existing in the First Council of the Seventy until I was notified in a note received from Brother George Reynolds, who was then private secretary of the First Presidency, who notified me that I had been selected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Jacob Gates as one of the First Seven Presidents of Seventies. This notification was received on April 5th, 1893, and my name was presented at the Conference held that day, and I was set apart the same day. On April 6th I sat with my brethren of the First Seven Preisdents of Seventies on the stand and while sitting there I commented to myself: "Well, I have heard no voice, and I have seen no angel, but here I am. and I feel I have been accepted and approved of God."

★

New Lamps For Old

ALADDIN, of Arabian Nights fame, secured an old battered copper lamp of magical powers. By its aid he built himself a magnificent palace, acquired great wealth and became the son-in-law of the King. A wicked magician determined to secure possession of the wonderful lamp. With a supply of ordinary but new, highly polished lamps, he approached the palace, offering "new lamps for old." Aladdin's wife, who knew nothing of the uncommon properties of the old lamp, gladly exchanged it for a new one. Then Aladdin's troubles began. Palace, wealth, and station vanished overnight.

This ancient tale is being retold in our modern times. Almost every day someone, usually honest enough, offers a new belief or thought, burnished and bright with newness, to replace convictions that we have long held and which have well maintained us. This always raises the question whether the old beliefs should be surrendered unless we are certain that the new offerings can serve us better. A careless exchange may result in loss or fearful consequences.

There is, of course, no objection to a thing or thought because it is new. This is a growing and increasing world; and as long as time endures, if we live well, progress will animate us. The mind must not be closed against progress. New light is constantly coming into the world which should be received with gladness. The question is merely with respect to the validity and value of the new offerings. Are the old beliefs false? Are the new ones true? If true, are they of such fundamental value as to necessitate the required change? So run the questions that man must answer, if indeed he be an honest and progressive man. New beliefs should be accepted with care, but to refuse to exchange old error for new truth would be disastrous. The proffered exchange of a narrow for a more comprehensive conception of eternal realities would be made with profit, and all right-minded persons should stand ready to accept such greater light. There can be no valid objection to changing one's opinion on any subject, providing he changes from error to truth. In fact, many of the new opinions or beliefs are better than the old ones. But, of the truth of the new conception we must make sure; or we may find that the old is better than the new lamp.

Opening lines of Dr. Widtsoe's Book "In Search of Truth."

(See Advert. Back Cover.)

God Proved In Prayer

By Elder Thomas L. Martin

FROM THE INSTRUCTOR

LINCOLN COLCORD, a writer of stories, was born at sea, off Cape Horn, August 14th, 1883. Until he was fourteen years of age, he had the sea for his playground and his father's shop for a training school. He has written a number of stories in the "American Magazine" about his experiences at sea; all of which are very interesting. Two of his experiences relate to his discovery that God was willing to help a boy of eleven. His account is substantially as follows:

We were rolling lazily in a light air. All forenoon I had been on the jib boom, watching a pair of porpoises play around the bows. At length they finished their play, and settled down to lead the ship for awhile, as they have a habit of doing.

The longer I watched them, the more I began to fear for their safety. The day before, the mate had harpooned a porpoise, and the horror of it was still fresh in my mind. A porpoise is a mammal. It has warm blood by the bucketful; it squeaks and groans when it is hurt. A good sized specimen will weigh three hundred pounds. To see such a creature harpooned and hauled out of the water on the end of the iron —the blood and struggle of it, the dumb sounds of the victim —had caused a sudden revulsion of my whole nature. I could not eat a mouthful of that porpoise. Now, here were two more, placing themselves in prime position to be slaughtered. And, as if in answer to my worst fears, at that moment, the mate mounted the forecastle head and peered over the buffalo.

"Hello—porpoise!" he cried in great excitement, sighting them, and me.

"Why didn't you sing out?"

"They just arrived sir."

"Well, keep them there. I'll run and get the harpoon."

Keep them there! What could I do? I had nothing to throw at them: porpoises are not easily frightened. Surely, I cried in agony, God will not permit this awful thing to happen again. And suddenly I realized that this was a test of Him. While sounds of running broke out along the deck, I burst into fervent prayer.

"O God," I prayed, "send these porpoises away. Send them away quick, before the mate gets the harpoon rigged. If I don't want these porpoises killed, it seems to me You ought to feel the same way. Warn them God! You must have the power. Give me a sign."

There was no time for more. The mate had rigged the harpoon, and now stood at the knight heads poising it in his right hand. A row of grinning faces leaned over the buffalo. The porpoises had not moved. A moment passed while the mate shifted his stand, so that the stroke would go clear of the bobstays. My heart sank like lead. But at that instant a wonderful thing happened. As if in obedience to a sudden command,

the two dun-coloured bodies turned abruptly to starboard, gathered quick headway, and left the path of the vessel. I could scarcely believe my eyes.

"Shoot, sir! They're going!" cried a dozen voices. The mate flung the harpoon, but it fell far short. The men hauled in the empty iron; after a while they all went away. I lay on the jib boom, motionless and overwhelmed. I had seen a miracle. Why, I had caused it—it had been sent to me! That awed me, yet I felt wonderfully safe and secure. I had proved God's presence, had almost heard His voice. I tried to imagine the nature of the divine command that I had seen obeyed. God could hear, then; He was close at hand. The emptiness of the ocean surrounding me was His, the wind and the waves, and the fishes of the deep. How could I doubt that I was His also?

That voyage was a deeply religious one for me; before it was over, God gave me another sign. We were laying beside the wharf in the basin of Port Natal. One morning after breakfast I missed my dog Pint. He was nowhere on the ship. I called and whistled, but he had disappeared from the locality. This dog, an overgrown puppy, a sort of mongrel mastiff, had no acquaintance with the land. I was frantic, for I loved him dearly. I rushed ashore and started up the road toward the city of Durban. There were dogs everywhere—dogs playing in the gutter, dogs fighting, dogs running up the side lanes; my memory of the broad paved highways connecting Durban with its port is a street of dogs. I had provided myself with a pair of binoculars, for I was near-sighted. While I searched, I prayed; after the experience of the porpoises, I purposed not to leave God out of my plans. But at noon I had given up the search and came back along to the ship. Pint couldn't be found.

I ate my dinner in silence. For a couple of hours I moped at the gangway, keeping a sharp lookout along the water front. The deck seemed empty and desolate. I would never see Pint again. At last I could stand it no longer. I had to take my sorrow out of the ship, to a place I knew of fit for thinking problems through.

This place was an immense ocean beach, fronting the seas that stretched from Africa to the Antarctic. It lay on the outside of the long arm forming the natural sea wall of the basin of Port Natal. To reach it from our berth I followed a roadway levelled through a ridge of rocks, where the roar of the surf echoed and thundered among the ledges, till suddenly I emerged on a vast view of sand and broken water, with the wreck of a steel bark in the foreground that had dragged ashore in some southerly blow, and ships and steamers at anchor, waiting for the tide to pass in over the bar.

The beach was black and bare that afternoon. A strong gale was blowing off the southern ocean; the air had a keen, cutting edge. The sea was a dark lead colour; the sky and sand were a dull, lifeless grey. The scene fitted my gloomy mood. I went down to the surf, thinking the grim and logical

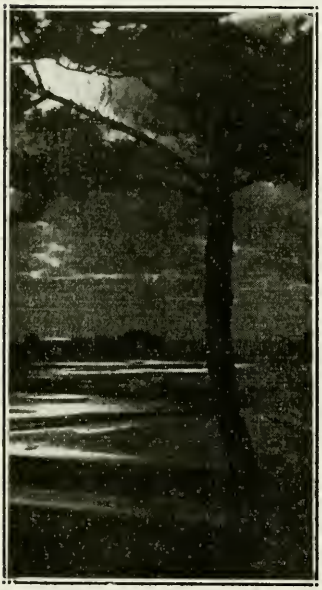
(Continued on page 671)

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1940

EDITORIAL

Take The Moonlight

"Do you ask me to take moonlight for the sun?"
—Edwin Arlington Robinson.



FROM high schools and colleges, steadily they come, thousands of them — young men and maidens with dreams in their eyes and, in their hands, lassoes of hope with which to capture stars.

And, seeing them as if ourselves in retrospect, thousands of us, older men and women, smile grimly in our disappointments, or sigh, remembering. But there are anodyne and compensation. We, who have not reached the sun for which we aspired, or for which we still long in vain, need not grieve at all, either for ourselves or, in prophecy, for the young. We can still be happy and rewarded and so can they—by consenting to accept the moonlight.

There was a minor poet of rare gifts. A generation ago, every collegian quoted him. Today few know his name, though what he wrote was memorable. In his illness, toward the end of his life, when he foresaw that this waning fame might be his, this poet said, "Those of you who are ardent and young and delight in my poetry will be the happier for it, I think, and will recall it all your lives. That is compensation for me. Limited, yes. But so, in the end, does all fame pass. If my work blesses only for a while, it is for that while blessed."

There was a young man who planned to become a physician, thought of himself as a physician in embryo, bent his life

from boyhood to that end. Hard circumstance put sudden burdens upon him. He had to forego the hope of medical training, had to labour for others at work he did not like. But he has had a happy life. The community in which he passed it has better sanitation, healthier schools, safer motherhood, heartier babies, because of him. Neighbour's children bring him their little hurts for comfort and their ill or injured pets for healing. He, too, has enabled a poor lad to study surgery. He worked well in the moonlight, and was glad.

I knew a violinist when he was young and had just come to America, star pupil of that European teacher several of whose other disciples now shine in the sun. Somehow this one did not. Later in life, he said, "But I teach—I hated to teach—but *how* I teach, my friend! I have one young pupil—but wait! Wait for him!" The brightness of the moon was on his face.

There is a woman, born to be a mother, with gifts for that as definite as an artist's for his brush. Barred by an accident from that chief hope, she has mothered orphans and the neglected, has done life-long service in movements for the welfare of children, has brought pleasure to small hospital cots, become the repository of many sad or funny little confidences, and written verse and tales that bring her painfully printed and slantingly written letters from children far and near. "It was meant to be broader than just my arms," she thinks.

How do they differ, the moonlight faces, from the thousands of darkened countenances of other disappointed ones?

Only in this—they keep themselves undeviatingly turned toward the sun of their desires! Never give up that aspiration. Never look into the shade. Some keep hoping to be lifted to the glory, and, indeed, some are so raised at last.

But you think, perhaps, that moonlight is cold, a cold comfort? No, indeed. Here nature comes to help our allegory. Moonlight is not cold! The full moon's face, astronomers tell us, is burning hot; it glows with a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit. Moonlight, for all its halcyon serenity, is not cold.

And it stays in the sky at day's end, after the sunset, and until the new dawn.

May all reach the sun of their desires! But, whether or not, let all keep their faces turned toward it. Moonlight, too, illumines us! And many who take the moonlight here will find the sun hereafter!—STELLA G. S. PERRY

The Word Of Wisdom

A MODERN INTERPRETATION

By John A. Widtsoe and Leah D. Widtsoe

INSTALMENT XXIX.

"IN THE SEASON THEREOF" (continued)

PEOPLE with a vitamin B shortage are often afflicted with nervous instability, neuralgia and neuritic pains. Stomach ulcers, appendicitis, and rheumatoid arthritis are also associated with a definite shortage of vitamin B.

The increasing prevalence of constipation and diseases of the alimentary tract are definite evidences of a shortage of vitamin B in the modern diet. The increasing sales of cathartics and laxatives attest the same fact. Thus while civilized man is refining and devitalizing much of his foodstuffs (using the valuable parts, those containing the vitamins and minerals, for animal feed) he is purchasing tons of agar-agar from Oriental countries to supplement the deficiency. The tragedy is that his health suffers more than his pocketbook.

How few there are who have not suffered from some form of these "ills of civilization." The cause may be definitely associated with a devitalized food supply and a failure to watch the mineral and vitamin needs of the body.

Vitamin B is found where there is to be new life, in seeds, especially in the germ of wheat and in yeast; also in bran, middlings, dried peas, beans, lentils, all whole meal flours and cereals, whole rice, egg yolk, whole fresh milk, and the animal glands such as liver, heart, kidney, sweetbreads and brain. Nuts, except the cocoanut, are a good source of this vitamin, especially in their natural state.

Vegetables and fruit are not rich sources of vitamin B. Some is found in the Irish and sweet potato, in parsnips, the yellow rutabaga, tomatoes, avacados and asparagus. Cabbage, leeks and cress also contain some vitamin B. Of the fruits, apples, avacados, bananas, pineapples and the citrus fruits are the best known sources, though their vitamin B content is not high.

The chief supply of vitamin B in our food, under natural conditions, is from the whole grain of wheat and other cereals, especially in the germ (unfortunately removed in most milling processes). For this reason, especially, whole cereal grains, unpolished rice, and whole wheat bread and macaroni, should replace the refined products used so commonly today. Yeast is a very rich source of vitamin B, but the amount put into bread is too small to be effective. Many nutrition experts advise the taking every day of dried brewer's yeast, and extra wheat germ in cereals or cookies, not in any sense as a medical adjunct but as a valuable food to supplement the average modern diet which is notably deficient in this vitamin. Children as well as adults have special need of some extra source of this vitamin in the daily diet. For the pregnant or nursing

mother it is imperative, and as compared with the common diet should be greatly increased. Some nutrition experts advise that three to five times the normal amount should be taken during this period, with safety on the side of the larger amount. The greater the weight or activity of the individual, the greater is his need of vitamin B, and a greater amount should be eaten.

Since vitamin B is soluble in water it may be stored in the body for a very brief time only and this store is soon exhausted. Therefore, it should be found plentifully in the daily diet at all ages.

Vitamin B is destroyed somewhat by ordinary cooking, especially with soda. High temperature, under pressure, destroys it completely.

Vitamin C. This vitamin, also known as ascorbic acid, possesses the power to keep in healthy condition the connective tissues of the body, which hold together the countless millions of body cells.

In the absence or under a shortage of vitamin C, the connective tissue is weakened, the blood vessels become fragile and bleed under the skin or internally, producing general weakness, acute soreness of the joints, gums with loosened teeth, and fragile bones. When the bones of the jaw are attacked, the resulting condition is called pyorrhea, which disease afflicts a large number of civilized men today. When the gums or any parts of the body bleed easily, it may be taken as a warning that more vitamin C should be taken in the diet. When the deficiency becomes acute the disease called scurvy results. This disease has afflicted man for centuries, though its direct cause was not known until recently. The vitamin which prevents it is therefore called the anti-scorbutic vitamin. The lack of this vitamin may also cause hemorrhages in the lining of the stomach and alimentary tract, thus making them susceptible to infection of all kinds. Indeed, the increasing prevalence of gastric and duodenal ulcers may be aggravated in large measure by the shortage of vitamins B and C in the diet.

Vitamin C is found in citrus fruits—oranges, lemons, grapefruit—in sprouting grains, in green, leafy plants—celery, lettuce, cress and spinach—in tomatoes, rutabagas, beans, squash, bananas, raspberries, peaches, pineapple; in raw summer milk (if cows are fed in pastures) and in liver lightly cooked. Other foods containing vitamin C in amounts that make them desirable as sources of this substance are potatoes, cabbage, carrots and apples. Many of these foods are best eaten raw. Those who find it difficult to reach the modern markets may increase their vitamin C supply by sprouting grains or legumes—pease, beans, lentils. This has been practiced by the Orientals for ages. Another inexpensive source is the raw juice of the tomato, rutabaga, carrot, or other vegetables mentioned.

In many vegetables, especially the potato, the vitamins are usually just under the skin, therefore such vegetables should be scrubbed clean and put on to cook without previous peeling.

If peeled, the peelings should be cooked, strained, and used for soup. However, potato peelings which show the dark greenish colour (which comes from growing while exposed to the sun) should be discarded, since they may contain measurable amounts of the poison common to many of the nightshade group of plants to which group the potato belongs. Vitamin C is soluble in water, and vegetables should therefore never be soaked, especially when peeled.

Vitamin C will not stand much heating or freezing, and is most difficult to obtain unless the food is eaten fresh, often uncooked. To preserve this vitamin, cooking should be about ten minutes and not to exceed twenty to thirty minutes, except for dried legumes, and never with soda or salt, which destroys this as other vitamins. If vegetables are cooked without access to air, and not under pressure, some of the vitamin may be preserved; therefore, it is found in certain brands of canned tomatoes. Ordinary cow's milk is deficient in this vitamin, except where the cows are grass-fed; therefore, bottle-fed babies should be given orange juice or strained tomato juice in addition to their whole milk and other food.

Since prolonged cooking is harmful to most vitamins, the wise housewife will cook her vegetables with this understanding. Because of this fact, many vegetables are much better as food if eaten raw, hence the custom of eating salads every day. One worker has made this clear:

"A quarter of a century ago raw carrots were never seen on the tables of the wealthy. Raw carrots were all right for rabbits and for such people who could not afford the more expensive dishes. But nature has given the proud millionaire and the humble shop-keeper the same kind of stomach. And since, as the philosophers have observed, 'a hale cobbler is better than a sick king,' the raw carrot, so potent in building vigorous health through its riches of vitamins, has come into its own. It is now served everywhere, in the palatial metropolitan hotels as well as in the lowly cottages—perhaps it provides for us a lesson not only in good health but also in the sin of snobbishness.

"But not all foods can be eaten raw, as carrots. Some must be cooked if they are to be made palatable. Fortunately, we have learned to shorten the time for cooking vegetables. A generation ago string beans, cabbage, and greens, including spinach, were boiled from two to three hours with a ham bone or a slab of pork. This method probably justifies the insubordination of those who had to eat spinach prepared under such circumstances! If foods are heated in vacuo, two-thirds of the vitamin C is saved."

Since vitamin C cannot be stored in the body the daily use of foods containing it is imperative. There is little danger of taking an overdose of vitamin C in the diet, but grave danger from a shortage is possible.

(To be continued)

YOUR STAR this week (and for some indefinite time to come) may be a day, or even two days late. It is impossible to avoid this owing to delay in postal transit due to our "nightly visitors." Should you fail to receive your copy within a week, however, please notify the Circulation Dept. at 5, GORDON SQUARE, W.C.1.

Added Upon

A STORY

By Nephi Anderson

PART FOURTH—SECTION I. (continued)

THE King and Remand followed into another room where they met a young man who was to be their escort. The first now retired, and the young man advanced and shook their hands.

"Be seated for a moment," said he. "My name is Paulus. I am to conduct you into the city, and be your guide for the day. Such is the rule here." The speaker also took a seat by the table. The King and his companion sat opposite.

"In this city," continued Paulus, "there can be no hypocrisy, no deceit of any kind. I am instructed, therefore, to tell you that your true name, character, and mission is known. You are the King of Poland, and you his counsellor and friend."

The King started, changed colour, and looked towards Remand.

"How—how is that?" he stammered.

Paulus smiled. "Do not be alarmed, my dear sir. You were known before you entered the first gate yesterday. These people have entertained you with a full knowledge of what you are; nevertheless, the treatment you have received has been in no wise different from that which is given to every honest man who comes to this city for righteous purposes, no matter be he high or low, rich or poor, in the estimation of the world. You see, true worth and righteousness are the only standards of judgment here. Again, you are safer here than in the house of your best friend in Poland, or surrounded by your old-time host of armed warriors; for violence is no more heard in this land, neither wasting nor destruction within our borders. Our walls are Salvation; our gates, praise; and the inhabitants of this city are all righteous. It is their inheritance forever, for they are a branch of the Lord's planting, the work of His hands, wherein He is glorified."

Neither of the strangers spoke. The words seemed to thrill them into silence.

"Come, then, let us be going."

The carriage was awaiting; but it was not the travellers' own.

"No," was Paulus' answer to their inquiry, "your horses will rest. This is our equipage."

They drove into the city.

" 'Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generations following,' " said Paulus.

"You quote from the writings of the ancient Hebrews," said Remand.

"Yes, these 'holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,'" was the answer.

An hour's drive through indescribable grandeur brought them to a gate in the wall which surrounded the temple, where they alighted. An attendant took charge of the horses. Paulus led the way. A word to the keeper of the gate, and they were permitted to pass. Surrounding the central building, was a large open space laid out in walks, grass plots, ornamental trees, and flowers. People were walking about. Guides and instructors were busy with strangers, who seemed to have come from all nations, by the varied manner of dress displayed, and the different languages spoken.

"This," said Paulus, "is the sanctuary of freedom, the place of the great King. From this centre go the righteous laws that govern nations and peoples. It is not time yet to proceed further, so we will walk about the gardens."

"Is the great King here today?" asked Poland's ruler.

"I do not know; but the council will sit and transact all needed business. And now I will tell you another thing: All whom you have met or seen have appeared to you as mortal beings, as you or I; but in reality, in our drive through the city, you have seen many immortal, that is, resurrected men and women; for you must remember that now the righteous live to the age of a tree, and when they die, they do not sleep in the dust, but are changed in the twinkling of an eye. These visit with us, abide with us for a time to instruct us. Because you are a ruler among the nations, you will be permitted to see the assembling of the council, and receive instruction from it. The time is drawing nigh. Let us be going."

Great crowds of white-robed men were flocking into the temple. The three followed. The King and Remand gazed in wonder at those who had been pointed out as being resurrected beings, and their wonder increased when they could see no marked difference between them and the rest of mankind, save perhaps in the calm, sweet expression of the face, and the light which appeared to beam from the countenances of the immortals. They certainly were not unreal, shadowy beings.

Entering a wide hallway, they soon arrived at the council chamber. Its glory dazzled the beholders. In the midst of this room was a vast throne as white as ivory, and ascended by seventy steps. On each side of the throne were tiers of seats, rising one above the other. The seats were rapidly being filled, but the throne remained vacant.

"The King is not here today," whispered Paulus.

This is all we shall see at present. We shall now go into another room and wait the council's adjournment; then you will have an interview with one delegated to talk with you."

From the hallway they entered a smaller room, decorated with beautiful pictures and adorned with statuary. Books, newspapers and magazines were at hand, and when the visitors were tired of gazing, they sat down by a table.

(To be continued)

100 YEARS AGO

From the "Star," September, 1840

When the spirit of prophecy rests upon the inexperienced Saints, the adversary would gladly prompt them to cry aloud, and declare all they know, and tell what judgments, etc., are coming on the nations or individuals; and, fearing lest they should *grieve the spirit*, they cry aloud, and tell of the fire that is going to devour the city, or of a neighbour who is to be murdered, forgetting that the spirits of the prophets must be subject to the prophets,—not understanding that the spirit which prompted them to prophesy such things was seeking their destruction, by making them answerable to the laws of the land for the burning and murder of which they had prophesied, when the same shall be fulfilled.

GOD PROVED IN PRAYER

(Continued from page 663)

thoughts of boyhood. The worst of it was that God had forsaken me. My dog was as well worth saving as a couple of porpoises. What had I done to make Him withhold His hand?

After a while the mood softened; memories of my dear lost dog returned, bringing a flood of tears. At such times, I am always easier if I break into a run. It was while running at top speed in a westerly direction toward the lighthouse that I came pointblank against a venerable old man seated on a curved piece of timber cast ashore from another wrecked vessel. His back was to the wind, and he was reading a book. He had on a brown ulster; a tweed hat was pulled low over his ears. The ends of a woollen scarf about his neck snapped in the breeze. He closed the book, and looked up at me with twinkling eyes.

"What are you crying for, my boy?" he asked in a kindly way.

"I've lost my dog, sir," I sniffed.

He laughed as if struck by a sudden thought. Then he raised his hand and pointed dramatically along the beach.

"There is your dog," he said, "Go fetch him."

In that instant of speech, I knew that I stood on the threshold of another revelation. I looked where he pointed. A little distance off lay something that resembled a pile of sand. I ran toward it, calling Pint by name. The pile became animated, the sand upheaved and flew about; the long legs uncoiled themselves, the thick ropy tail began to swing, the familiar ungainly form bounded like a young camel across the beach. We fell upon each other and sank together in the sand. Even as I hugged Pint tight, I felt the wonder of it. Unworthy boy, I had doubted—I had failed the test. Yet God had forgiven me. What a marvellous chain of slender chances. How easily I might have run east instead of west when the tears began

to come. Or, if I had seen the old man in time, I wouldn't have approached him.

The old man—where had he gone? The brown ulster and tweed hat had disappeared. I was frightened, for on all that broad beach there was not a living soul in sight. The old man had delivered his message, and vanished whence he came.

★

Newcastle District Conference

THE Conference of the Newcastle District was held on Sunday. August 25th. in the Sunderland Branch Chapel.

Testimony Meeting convened at 10.30 a.m. with Brother William Wright conducting. Many convincing testimonies were born during this meeting. Attendance 26.

The First Session commenced at 11.30 a.m. and was conducted by Brother Stanley Short. Speakers for this session were Sisters M. Walker (Relief Society Supervisor), D. Peacock (Genealogy Supervisor), K. Featherstone (Sunday School Supervisor) and G. Quayle (Y.W.M.I.A. Supervisor). President Featherstone of the Guisborough Branch also spoke at this session. There were 33 in attendance.

Brother Stanley Short conducted the Afternoon Session which commenced at 2.30 p.m. The Authorities of the Church were first sustained, and the following speakers addressed those assembled: Sister Ellen Oates (Primary Supervisor), President C. Ellwood (South Shields Branch), and Brother Stanley Short of the District Presidency. President Anastasiou (Acting Mission President) was the concluding speaker and analysed the conditions of the branches of the District. He also urged the Saints to greater faithfulness and obedience to the laws of God as the people of the covenant, and dealt with the theme of the Conference, "The Second Coming of Christ." Sisters Lilian and Myrtle Foster rendered a duet during the course of this session. 53 were present.

The Evening Session commenced at 6.00 p.m. with President Oates conducting. Sister Ivy Morris sang "Jerusalem." President Oates then gave an inspiring address which was followed by an anthem rendered by Sisters Oates, Quayle and Maxwell, and Mr. Carter. President Anastasiou gave a solo, "In the Garden," and then spoke at some length on the "Second Coming of Christ" and the ultimate destiny of the Saints.

Between the afternoon and evening sessions a baptismal service was conducted by Brother Featherstone. George R. Clark and Evelyn Miller were baptized by President F. W. Oates. The former was confirmed by Brother Featherstone and the latter by President Anastasiou. Brother S. Short spoke on "Baptism" and President Anastasiou on "The Gift of the Holy Ghost."

★

THE WINTER SEASON approaches, bringing with it long, dark nights and early blackout conditions. The Mission Presidency, therefore, desire that all branches throughout the Mission advance their times of meetings to facilitate travelling and obviate the possibility of being out during Air-raids in the darkness. As a general rule, it is recommended that where convenient, Sunday School be held at 2.30 p.m. and Sacrament service at 4.30 p.m. Mid-week Auxiliary meetings to be adjusted to local conditions.

. . . AND FINALLY, A LITTLE HUMOUR.

"Heat expands many things," said the science master. Can anyone give me an example?"

"Yes, sir," replied the bright boy of the class. "Days are much longer in the Summer than in Winter."

LATTER-DAY SAINT MEETING PLACES IN BRITAIN

★

Aberdeen:
Corn Exchange,
5, Hadden Street.

Accrington:
L. D. S. Hall,
Over 9, Church St.

Airdrie:
L. D. S. Hall,
40, Hallcraig Street.

Barnsley:
Arcade Buildings.

Batley:
L. D. S. Hall,
Well Lane.

Belfast:
121, Victoria Street.

Birmingham:
L. D. S. Chapel,
23, Booth Street,
Handsworth.
Council Schools,
Stratford Road,
Sparkbrook.

Blackburn:
L. D. S. Hall,
Saving Bank Ch'bers,
Lord Street, West.

Bradford:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Woodlands Street,
off City Road.

Brighton:
50a, Compton Ave.

Bristol:
L. D. S. Hall,
Zion Road,
off Clarence Road.

Burnley:
L. D. S. Chapel,
1, Liverpool Road,
Rosegrove.

Bury:
L. D. S. Chapel,
15, Broad Street.

Carlisle:
L. D. S. Hall,
Scotch Street.

Cheltenham-Stroud:
Theosophical Hall,
St. Margaret's Ter.,
off North Place,
Cheltenham.

Clayton:
Central Hall.

Derby:
Unity Hall.

Doncaster:
L. D. S. Hall,
Trafford Street.

Dublin:
L. D. S. Hall,
8, Merrion Row.

Eastwood:
Library, Church St.

Edinburgh:
Ruskin House,
15, Windsor Street.

Gainsborough:
L. D. S. Hall,
4b, Silver Street.

Gateshead:
Westfield Hall,
Westfield Terrace.

Glasgow:
South Side,
Masonic Hall,
30, Abbotsford Pl.,C.5.

Gravesend:
1, Peacock Street.

Grimsby:
Thrift Hall,
Pasture Street.

Guisborough:
L. D. S. Hall,
back of 13, Church St.

Halifax:
L. D. S. Hall,
35, Brinton Terrace,
off Hansen Lane.

Hucknall:
Byron Buildings.

Hull:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Wellington Lane, and
Berkeley Street.

Hyde:
L. D. S. Hall,
29, Beeley Street.

Kidderminster:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Park Street.

Leeds:
L. D. S. Hall,
5, King Charles St.

Leicester:
All Saints' Open,
Great Central Street.

Letchworth:
Vasanta Hall,
Gernon Walk.

Liverpool:
L. D. S. Chapel,
301, Edge Lane.

London:
L. D. S. Chapel,
59, Clissold Rd., N.16.
Ravenslea Chapel,
149, Nightingale Lane,
S.W.12.
57, King Alfred's Ave.,
Catford.
58, Wellesley Road,
Gunnersbury, W.4.

Loughborough:
Adult School.

Lowestoft:
L. D. S. Hall,
20, Clapham Road.

Luton:
Dallow Road Hall,
Corner of Dallow and
Naseby Roads.

Mansfield:
39a, Albert Street.

Manchester:
L. D. S. Hall,
88, Clarendon Road,
C. on M.

Merthyr Tydfil:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Penyard Road.

Middlesbrough:
L. D. S. Hall,
21, Bottomly Street,
off Linthorpe Road.

Nelson:
L. D. S. Hall,
10, Hibson Road.

Northampton:
L. D. S. Chapel,
89, St. Michael's Road.

Nottingham:
L. D. S. Hall,
8, Southwell Road.

Norwich:
L. D. S. Chapel,
60, Park Lane.

Nuneaton:
Masonic Hall,
Newdegate Street.

Oldham:
L. D. S. Hall,
Neville Street.

Plymouth:
L. D. S. Hall,
114, Tavistock Road,
Park Street.

Pontllanfraith:
Enquire:
81, Brynteg Street.

Preston, Lancs.:
L. D. S. Hall,
44, Avenham Street,
off Fishergate.

Rawmarsh:
L. D. S. Hall,
Main Street.

Rochdale:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Lower Sheriff Street.

Sheffield:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Corner of Ellesmere
and Lyons Roads.

Shildon:
L. D. S. Hall,
100, Main Street.

South Shields:
L. D. S. Hall,
36, Fowler Street.

Staffordshire:
Washington Bldgs.,
nr. L.M.S. Station,
Wolverhampton.

St. Albans:
49, Spencer Street.

Sunderland:
L. D. S. Chapel,
18, Tunstall Road.

Varteg:
Memorial Hall.

West Hartlepool:
L. D. S. Chapel,
7, Osborne Road.

Wigan:
L. and Y. Station.

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